A LITERARY AND ICONOGRAPHIC HIS-TORY.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By William Milligan Sloane, Ph. D., L. H. D., Professor of History in Princeton University. Volume I. Follo, pp. xvi, 283. The Century Co.

This is the first of four stately volumes, and it carries the narrative of Napoleon's career only so far as 1797 and the Venetian campaign. The period embraced is of the highest interest, comchending as it does the picturesque early manhood of Bonaparte and his dazzling exploits in Italy, but it leaves Professor Sloane not more than launched upon his theme. Pending the complete publication in these volumes of the papers which have been running in "The Century Magazine" for two years or more, this initial instalment tacitly advises suspension of judgment upon the history as a whole. At the same time it shows clearly the conception which Professor Sloane holds of his subject, it illustrates his method of developing a theme as complex as it is absorbing, and finally it throws a flood of light upon a certain salient point in the modern writing of history. Addressing the multitudinous public of a great magazine, this writer frankly adopted a method of presenting the materials of history which differs much from those familiar austere prime of his Muse. Once, as she saw the writing of history, it was a matter of literary genius alone. Now literature and art go hand in hand, and deck her statue in colors as new as they are abundant. Professor Sleane has used his pen with ardor and with power, but he would probably be among the first to admit that he owes much of his effect to the illustrative corps which has collaborated with him on nearly every page. Skilled draughtsmen have essayed to enrich his text with reconstructions of the past. Erudite collectors have ransacked old galleries and portfolios for contemporary records of the Napoleonic era. The result is a novel contribution to historical literature.

A good life of Napoleon in English has been needed. It might even be said that a good life in French is still to be written, but that would hardly be exact. Lanfrey is valuable; so is Thiers, and to any one who can make the proper deductions and additions in a perusal of these authors, to any one who can check the memoirists with a good memory and a better temper, there exists in French literature a sufficient biography. On the other hand, there is nowhere extant a work comprehensive in scope and popular in style, calculated to give the general reader just what he wants. Professor Sloane seems to have supplied the omission. He is generally free from rhetorical digressions, and is, in fact, positively anxious to tell his story in the plainest, most common-sense way. He has read widely in his field, and has co-ordinated the results of his research in a flexible, lucid manner. He avoids, in the main, the payment of that tribute to the philosophy of history which he would doubtless have rejoiced to pay had his scheme permitted it. The state of European politics and diplomacy is constantly in his mind, and he lets fall such observations from time to time as are needed to keep the unfolding of Napoleon's career comprehensible as an element in the history of nations. Nevertheless, he takes no liberties with his audience, which may be supposed to have more interest in Napoleon than in any of his antagonists, more interest in France than in any of her neighbors, and the speculations or hypotheses without which most history is regarded as incomplete are reduced to a minimum. To a certain extent, it must be admitted, this impression is likely to be derived from Professor Sloane's first volume because of circumstances with which he has had nothing to do. Epectacular as the events were in the brief period covered by the book, they were not of such far-reaching significance as those belonging to later years. At the same time the pages are curiously barren of strong original thought, of acute interpretation. The reader craves involuntarily a deeper insight into individual character, besides a more imperious grasp upon the general movement of things. The subject is epical. Even a matter-of-fa:t narrator might be expected to catch its epical note. Professor Sloane fails to do this, and throws the reader back upon a sober respect for the smoothpess and practical value of his text.

Its sane refusal to take sides. The great difficulty with Napoleonic literature is that it is either bitter with hatred or maudlin with headlong adoration. How judicious Professor Sloane has been may be surmised from the fact that it does not often occur to his reader to trouble himself about whether the text is animated by a feeling for or against its subject. Honesty so transparent that one takes it as a matter of course is honesty indeed. The aloofness of our author is not pedantic, either. He is impartial because he cannot help himself. This, added to the unpretentious nature of his style, assures us of at least one precious thing-his portrait of Napoleon is as clear in outline as though drawn in black upon a white canvas. It is clear and it is convincing. Napoleon is revealed as lean of habit and casuistical of mind, a masterful character fermenting through a youth in which the absence of wholesome influences left sundry rank weeds of disposition to grow and fester. We do not think there is anything unjust in such a view of Napoleon as this. The time has gone by when the man can be regarded as impeccable cause the soldier was unique. It is not necessary to believe all the scurrilous stories in Barras to get a true insight into the shadowy side of his friend's fevered life. It was fevered from the start, Professor Sloane clearly points out, and not so much fevered as deliberately checkered by moves made according as expediency demanded them. There was neither principle nor broad philosophy in Bonaparte. "His moral sense, having never been developed by education, and, worse than that, having been befogged by the extreme sensibility of Rousseau and by the chaos of the times which that prophet had brought to pass, was practically lacking." It was replaced by a powerful intellectuality, one of the most powerful in ancient or modern times, and it is readily perceived that with nothing but intellectual genius to guide him to the ulfilment of a devouring ambition, Napoleon was incapable of fixing at any time upon the immovable rock of a moral inspiration. moved through life "with the carelessness of an dventurer and the effrontery of a gambler." but Professor Sloane lays his finger upon the distinguishing trait in this audacious and even reckless player, who pitted himself against the world with no fears of the result, when he oberves that Bonaparte always stood at the parting of the ways, leaving to other men the impulsive onslaught, while he coolly made up his mind as to which path would prove the more profitable to follow.

It is a crafty figure which looms through these pages, a figure sallow and acidulated in appearance, quivering almost imperceptibly and antly with the rage of an overmastering passion, the passion to rule. Napoleon suffered much in his early years. His family was never a source of untroubled joy to him, moneannoyances fixed themselves upon him, and made fewer friends than might have been expected of the man who was later to command such wholesale devotion. Over and over again his plans for advancement were defeated, and though he rose rapidly after his first protion, and after the Italian campaign had given France a taste of his quality, prosperous times seemed always just ahead of him. He was a hard worker and studied his books with hing of the same intense feeling that animated him through his combats among his

developed his spiritual tortuosity side by side with his cleverness as a man of action. He was fitted to deal with men in the bulk, to hurl companies of them like so many bullets against the gifts which qualified him to fight his battles fore was the biography of a great soldier made to the last and most complex situation within so concrete and convincing. The other side the chambers of his brain. His mind acted with might retort that this "Life" is "scrappy" and cause or that, and a calm absorption in the object to be gained by the playing of one force against another. Look at that from one point of view and it appears no more than the gift of any great nature which might also be noble. But Professor Sloane reverts to the less engaging side of the question when he says: "No one had ever understood better than Bonaparte the possibilities of political influence in a military career. Not only could he bend the bow of Achilles, but he always had an extra There you have the Janus to whom allusion has already been made, a man from whom high singleness of aim was never to be expected. It is on this note that Professor Sloane terminates his first volume, leaving Napoleon in his court at Montebello and foreshadowing in that decorative interlude between more martial episodes the regal and then imperia splendors which were soon to follow. It is a strange personality, and yet if we owe Professor Sloane anything we owe him a refreshing sensof human tangibility about his hero. The style of this "Life" is measured and straightforward, as has already been indicated. It keeps Napoleon well in sight as a man and never removes him away into that theatrical atmosphere which has so often defeated the purpose of historians. They have tried to work backward, and to show that Napoleon's career was one homogeneous drama, as heroical and extraordinary at the rise of the curtain as at its fall. As a matter of fact, the curtain did not rise until Toulon and 1793, and busy as Napoleon was up to that crucial time it is idle to see him as a dramatic figure in French politics and war until he actually becomes one. Professor Sloane realizes this, and he writes throughout these earlier chapters in the vein of the following passage, bearing upor

Napoleon's sojourn at Valence: "During the first months of his garrison service, Bonaparte, as an apprentice, saw arduous service in matters of detail, but he threw off entirely the darkness and reserve of his character, taking a full draught from the brimming cup of pleasure. On January 10, 1786, he was finally received as lieutenant. The novelty, the absence of restraint, the comparative emancipation from the arrogance and slights to which he had hitherto been subject, good news from the family in Corsica . . . all these elements combined to intoxicate for a time the boy of sixteen. The strongest will cannot forever repress the exuberance of budding manhood. There were balls, and with them the first experience of gallantry. The young officer even took dancing lessons. Moreover, in the drawing-rooms of the Abbe Saint-Ruff and his friends, for the first time he saw the manners and heard the talk of refined society-provincial, to be sure, but excellent."

This passage brings us to the interesting question to which reference was made at the outset the question of producing history with almost as much reliance upon pictures as upon prose. Let the reader consider carefully the details of the passage quoted and the details of that full-page drawing which is supposed to be in harmony with it, "Napoleon in Society at Valence, 1785." This wonderful production shows a Parisian group where Professor Sloane meant it to be provincial. Nay, it is neither provincial nor Parisian, but such a rococo and artificial knot of figures as a clever artist will fabricate out of a plentiful supply of chie and a wardrobe of costumes imitated from the last century. Worst of all, the eager youth whom Professor Sloane introduces is replaced in the Illustration by an Image of wooden stiffness and absolutely no facial character. We cannot take the comforts ble view that no reader will be deceived by the picture. Experience has shown for years that the illustrator has a tremendous hold upon his public. In fiction it is admissible. In historical A STUDY OF THOSE THAT FIGURE IN works we believe he should be restrained. It is is this work more practical than in impossible to refuse admiration to the enterprise a pictorial accompaniment that is often brilliant, but one must acknowledge that much of the brilliancy is of the most specious kind. The gorgeous reproductions in colors of military paintings once conspicuous in the Salon seem irrelevant, and drawings like that melodramatic one which exhibits "Bonaparte Pawning His Watch" strike the judicious eye as sentimental to the point of silliness. The principle underlying them all is partially sound, but in the last

resort it gives us pause. The incisive sketches of Tacitus, the facile and discursive talk of Pausanias, anticipated the instinct of the modern historian to hold the reader through a vivid statement of what he has to say, through an appeal to the eye as well as to the mind, and it is not improbable that the ancient writers would have looked favorably upon such aids to descriptive prose as Professor Sloane has enjoyed. Fancy the great Athenian guidebook with pictures drawn on the spot under the eye of its author! Pausanias would have thought himself lucky. Herodotus would have perhaps envied the embellishment which the brush, the pencil, the camera and the printing press can now give to Macaulay. Yet the fact that the latter, one of the most popular historians of the century, has not yet been produced in an adequately illustrated edition, is itself a reminder of how recent an invention is such an edition. How recent and how ambiguous! This tardy employment of art as the handmaiden of historical literature has been due partly to the slow development of reproductive processes. Still more has it been caused by the persistence of a great literary tradition eside which the method illustrated by the present work is observed to take a not altogether commanding position. No matter how personal, how intimate, how conversational the historian might be-and in the time of the Renaissance especially the historians of Italy proved that they could be minute to the point of garrulitythere does not seem to have been any one until the time of Carlyle who was willing to forget that the historical gait was meant to be more or less formal. With that formality there has gone, naturally, the indisposition to rely much, if at all, upon the interpretative ministrations of art. We do not ignore the woodcuts and engravings upon metal which crept into many a nistory written in the fifteenth, sixteenth and immediately succeeding centuries. They were sometimes elaborate, and we have seen many a musty volume which was interleaved with quaint representations of cities and people. But historical illustration in any sense of the term that can commend respect is a purely modern affair. It is not merely modern, it is a product of vesterday, or, at furthest, of the day before, Gibbon is no less remote from it than Pliny, and when this is said it is not alone the practical side of the question that is touched upon, but that temperamental side to which allusion has just been made. Men did not want illustrations quite as they want them r.ow, and if they wanted them at all it was with an entirely different attitude toward them that they wrote their books. Men like Villani or Matarazzo or Froissart or Holinshed would not have known how to move among such pictures as were got together for the recent new edition of Green's "Short History of the English People"; and coming to Professor Sloane's volumes they would have been puzzled

by his easy acceptance of such a panorama run-

ning through his text Once they had made his

point of view their own, once the thing had

would, perhaps, be not only surprised, but scep-

A book like this must inevitably divide men eminent gifts of a great general; but he had also no doubt, the larger, protesting that never bea peculiar sinuosity. It wound itself around a misleading. The pictures aim above all things question with an almost uncanny subtlety, an at making the facts of the biography plainer, almost bloodless indifference to the merits of this | but how far they are from doing this has been shown above. The Valence drawing is typical. There are many fine portraits included, but they are not more numerous than such absurdities as the one just quoted, or that other entitled, "The Infant Napoleon in the Room of His Birth. This is a beautiful sketch in the effective style of illustrative art, such a sketch as one would like to find in a novel, such a sketch as might be counted upon to start sentimental thoughts in the mind of every one who surveyed the graceful and fashionable mother seated by the cradle, or guessed at what the baby might be like, invisible in the latter. The question is, Have we any place in our historical imaginations for the sentimental "fact" of this drawing? Candidly we think Professor Sloane is hurt by drawings of such character, and, while they would seem trifling enough if they were in number and unimportant in purpose, they are really a serious menace to his ultimate position as a historical writer, unless an edition of the "Life" is brought out in two or three volume

without a single plate in it from beginning to end. Month after month in the magazine which first brought forward this work he has accustomed his public to studying him as a kind of literary lecturer, with new pictures constantly turning up on the screen. So interesting are many of those pictures, so artistic are some of the least useful of them, that it is incredible that those readers have ell kept the balance true between the lecture and the screen. It will readily be seen that a disturbance of that balance means in some sort a frustration of the

This may seem a rather ungracious conclusion,

purpose of the book.

but it really springs from sympathy with the aims of author and publishers. What they have tried to do is obviously right, up to a certain point; but in the presence of such a drawing as that to which reference has last been made the most sympathetic critic feels constrained to insist that the limit of illustrative art has been reached. The student wants a history of Na poleon, not a picture book. He is suspicious of a work which threatens to be the latter. If he is not suspicious it is a melancholy sign that he is not qualified to make the necessary reservations and that he is piling up misconceptions to be some day regretted by the author . s much as himself. The great life of Lincoln by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay; the war papers published by "The Century," were perfect examples of what the pen and the pencil could do in collaboration. But these were historical writings in the illustration of which the artist could rarely go wrong. He had documents to base his drawings upon; he had photographs and contemporary ske beyond counting; he could visit hundreds of the

scenes involved, and find them practically unchanged. When only twenty-five or thirty years have passed, literature and art can corre together in the production of histories, and never once fall out. But a hundred years after the event they are bound to clash. Crises, scenes, personalities, are all to a great extent out of reach by that time. Literature then can do much to revive the aspect of the past, and its appeals to the imagination are legitimate. Art can do a great deal less, and when it touches the imagination in the wrong way by so much as a hair's breadth it runs the risk of tringing the whole structure toppling to the ground. We have named some well-illustrated histories. In fact, the illustrated edition of Green's "Short History" and the splen did volumes of the Lincoln "Life" prove once for all that good filustrated histories can be made. But the present volume demonstrates that the illustrator may go too far and suggests that

DICKENS AND HIS PRISONS.

tematic, purely historical basis.

the making of such histories be put upon a sys-

HIS WRITINGS.

IN JAIL WITH CHARLES DICKENS, By Alfred Trumbie, Blustrated, Pp. iv, iso, Francis

This is one of those little books that cast a better light on a favorite author's idiosynerasies than could be obtained from more pretentious criticism. Dickens was deeply interested in prison life. For example, as Mr. Trumble remarks, he began his first tour in the United States by going to jail; and he went to jail afterward whenever he found one that attracted his particular attention. Yet he could hardly be called a penologist in the strict sense of the term. He was as bitter in his attacks on that model institution, the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, as he was on Newgate or the Fleet. Science approves separate confinement with due care: Dickens attacked it with all the resources of his brilliant and effusive rhetoric. Everybody doubtless remembers the lonely "Dutchman' in the "American Notes"; how industrious and artistic he was and how forlorn, afflicted and distressed he seemed to Dickens's imagination. Apparently, the novelist wholly misunderstood the case. There was a man who was never content outside of prison. His crimes-never great ones-were committed for the purpose of getting into jail, and his last responsible act was to beg a place to die in behind the bars. Dickens himself died worn out before he was sixty. The "Dutchman" lived to be an octogenarian. His melancholy was not assumed; it was rart of his nature. Even science itself is baffled by such natures. But it is slowly approaching a solution of the problem, while Dickens would have left it in a mist of tearful commiseration. Against glaring abuses the novelist waged successfu! war, but these were things which everybody saw. The real difficulties of prison reform often escaped

His interest in prisons began in personal experience. It was in the Marshalsea Prison that he first developed that marvellous skill in observation which characterized him through life. "David Copperfield" was confessedly in part an autobiography. In that book the King's Bench Prison was prominent. But the experiences of Mr. Micawber and others in that prison were the counterpart of the clder Dickens's in the Marshalsea. The novelist left descriptions of both the reality and his hypothetical case, and they agree even to attractive turns of phrase. Indeed, they agree so well that over-ingenious critics have been muddled by the comparison. Mr. Trumble prints cognate passages from the novel and from Dickens's narrative in the biography by Foster, and these show not merely what an eye Dickens had for external occuliarities of people, but what a group of subjects he had to study. He might have travelled far and not found as good a training-school for his imagination as the insolvent debtors' prison.

The old London prisons had much to do with literature. "Freeborn" John Lilburne wrote some of his pamphlets in the Fleet, and these rough essays of his hold an important place in the constitutional history of both England and America. The "Familiar Letters" of James Howell, or some of them at least, were dated from the Fleet. Smollett wrote "Sir Launcelot Greaves" in the King's Bench Prison, and it was there also that "Dr. Syntax" was written. Defoe had occasion to write in nearly all the great prisons of London. Even Newgate, which authors in general have escaped, opened for him and his pen. But not one of all these contributors to English literature caught the air of the sted him through his combats among his point of view their own, once the thing had tors to English literature caught the air of the prisons in the time of impressionable youth as that he could, under any stress, slip into releasing thing to note, as Proposor Sloane delin
been said, that they would have delightedly Dickens did, and it is he who has made them

passing was an era in the history of the English race, and the era is that of Dickens. A man may be forgotten, though he write a masterpiece of literature; but he will never be forgotten when in the field, which is one of the obviously pre- into two camps, one of them, and that, we have his writings are the only ones in which a fascinating aspect of life in the past can be studied in all its vivid reality. In connection with this thought Mr. Trumble has a suggestion for an American Dickens. He would like to see Ludlow Street Jail celebrated as Dickens might have celebrated it. But Ludlow Street Jail appears to be a harmless anachronism compared with those homes of squalor and curses, the Fleet and the King's Bench.

DELIGHTFUL TALK.

THE MEMORIES OF TWO AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

IMPRESSIONS AND EXPERIENCES. By W. D. Howells. Octavo, pp. 281. Harper & Brothers. CHAPTERS FROM A LIFE. By Elizabeth Stuars Phelps. Illustrated. Octavo, pp. 278. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In a recent article Mr. Howells alluded to hi opinion, expressed long before, that the confidential attitude of Thackeray was one of the latter's worst defects; and he seemed to be unshaken in this view. That he feels as he does on the subject is interest ing as showing how curiously one man may regard Thackeray. It is also seen to imply a certain spirit of self-sacrifice when it is considered in the light of Mr. Howells's latest volume. How can he have such an objection to the confidential attitude, the reader of "Impressions and Experiences" is sure to ask, when he is plainly so fitted to assume such an attitude himself, with the best of results? No doubt there is a difference between egotism in fletion and egotism in essays, and perhaps Mr. Howells excludes it from the one and admits it to the other as a matter of principle; but surely if it is admirable at all it will touch the imagination as legitimately in one form of literature as in another. There is something almost exasperating in the recollection of Mr. Howells's impersonality as a novelist when the attraction of his personality is realized in his essays. The delightful quality of the latter inspirer the wish that he might refuse to write even a mas terplece of fiction just so that he might go on writing essays to the end of the long life which it

is to be hoped may be his. He accomplishes the thing which so many ers of the day try to accomplish and fail to do-he takes up a subject not in itself of profound or orig inal import and contrives to so enwrap it in the playful, sometimes pensive, sometimes critical and arways kindly, atmosphere of his mind, that before you know it you are filled with a sense of gladness and would not have the talk stop if you could help it. It is essentially talk, a fact which is the most direct link between Mr. Howells and the great era of the essayists. It would be carrying admiration too far to say that he is comparable to Lamb, for example, there being so many things in him which would have made Elia uncomfortable, there being so many things in Elia which Mr. Howells would feel himself in duty bound to contemn. Yet the link between the two is there, the link of human gentleness. That, after all, is at the bottom of what is best in whimsical literature. The permanent witchery of Lamb springs quite as much from his tenderness, his pure sentiment, his exquisite emotion, as from the quaintness of his ideas and the felicity of his style. Mr. Howells has neither quaint ness nor the literary quality which is correctly to be described as felicity. On the other hand, he ha a warmth of feeling which makes his pages glow in quiet, subtle way. They are full of teaching though Mr. Howells does not pretend to pose with in them as a teacher. He points his moral rathe through the tacit disclosure all along of sympaths for whatever is best in life, of compassion for whatever is saddest. The second paper in this book ntitled "Police Report." describes the author's experience in one of those chambers of justice in Bo ton where the most insignificant and sordid of lawbreakers are tried. They hardly rise to the dignity of law-breakers. They are merely the waits and strays of a policemen's day, shabby artisans who have had a drop too much, noisy domestics who have had trouble with some one in the third-rate boarding-housen over whose culinary destinies they preside. It seems inconceivable that Mr. Howell could do anything with stuff like this. But he does do a great deal, and all the time that he is jotting down in his realistic way the absurd little details ing in the reader a sense of the pity of it all; he is showing us the degradation of the offenders against truth and law, not as a theatrical exhibition solely as one of the elements in our social life which must ever touch us to the quick. One sees with him the pathos of the young thief, the passionately bitter misery of the soul so far down in the scale of wrongdoing that it no longer looks hopefully up to heaven, and one sees also the inextinguishable fun which comes to the surface of even the staidest court now and then.

The quality of the book is not to be shown

through quotation. The first essay on "The Country Printer" will explain this. It is a chapter of jottings from memory, a picture put together, as a piece of mosaic is put together, of the little news paper office in Ohio where the father of Mr. Howells exercised a beneficent sway over the simple but sturdy minds of the farmers in the county, and where the incipient novelist looked on at the weekly evolution of the journal, helped to make it, and taught himself to read Spanish for the sake of "Don Quixote" in the intervals of his labor. What can we cite from this essay? There is not a page which we would transfer to this place for its own sake. But from first to last there is a vein of emotion running through the vivid picture which not only keeps the latter from being commonplace, but nearly makes it romantic. It does this, too without ever falling into bathos; the manly accent is clear and forcible throughout. Primarily we fee this to be the result of a deep love of the subject in the heart of the author. It springs also-and here we have perhaps the explanation of what is most admirable in Mr. Howells as an essayistfrom a deep sympathy for character. None of the figures of his boyhood is a lay figure for him. He remembers the living, persuasive traits of those among whom he worked and read. If there is a moral to be derived from "The Country Printer" for example, it is the same as that which you get from the "Police Report" or "The Tribulations of a Cheerful Giver," the moral which makes for excellence of character. The charm of "The Country Printer" is bracing because you feel such a genuine manhood to have been the birthright of the it brings upon the scene. Some of them, it is true, were sad dogs. But the broad temper of the time and place was distinctly above the average, read the "Impressions and Experiences" is to feel a constant agreement with the author in his response to uplifting thoughts, his pitying and generous sympathy for the grief in the world.

The value of Mrs. Phelps's book of recollections resides in its talk. Like Mr. Howells, she is egotistic with good taste, and the anecdotes she tells owe a great deal to her way of telling them. She tells us, perhaps, a triffe more about her own doings and her own works than it is wholly neces sary for us to know; but on the other hand she is never too much in evidence where her distinguished friends are concerned and her sketches of Whittler Holmes, Longfellow and the rest are thoroughly artless and in keeping. She has some rather strenuous pages. Living in Andover for so many years she could not avoid a close and almost tense feeling for things of a religious nature. She de scribes with emotion an episode in the life of Mrs. Stowe, who would appear to have saved an erring friend from the blight of rationalism by purely spiritual means, bringing through prayer the conversion which written reasoning seemed powerless to achieve. In the chapter on her life at Gloucester, too, Mrs. Phelps has much to say of such men and women as Mr. Howells has brought upon the scene in his "Police Report." But there are long and serene accounts of her literary friends, of poets like Whittier, Miss Thaxter and Lucy Larcom, who could not have been merely "literary" if they had tried, and it is in these parts of her book that she is most readable. There is a characteristic story of Longfellow. He was reading aloud a poem one day to an actress, apparently Mme.
Modjeska, whose eyes filled with tears as the reading proceeded. "I shall never forget," observes
Mrs. Phelps, "the tone and manner with which he
turned toward her. 'Oh!' he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain. His accent on the word 'pain' was like the smart of a wound." Mrs. Phelps is emphatic, as every biographer of Longfellow has been, on this chival-

eates his hero, is the menner in which the latter adopted his methods. Until that time they immortal in all the hatefulness of decay. Of with his work there is this note: "Mr. Longfell developed his methods. Until that time they immortal in all the hatefulness of decay. Of came but once to my nome on Gloucester but on that occasion I had the especial plea pointing out to him the reef of 'Norman's Woe; which, though he had wrecked the schooner Hes-perus, and broken half our hearts upon it, he had singularly enough never seen (I think he said) be-

The sketch of Whittier is peculiarly

showing him on more sides than one. There is sadness in it, of course, for Whittier's life held much shadow, especially toward the end. Witness his reply when asked how he spent the days through the bleak winter at Danvers, late in his life. "'Oh,' he said patiently, 'I play with the dogs; or I go out and see the horses. And then I talk to Phoebe. And I go into my study and sit awhile." More in what it implies than what it says this is pathetic, for it suggests the brave old man broken in health, watching the disappearance of his friends, one by one, and waiting patiently himself to die. But Mrs. Phelps quotes him also in his most typical mood and writing to a friend that he likes the wise Chinese proverb, "You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from stopping to build their nests in your hair." The most amusing story about Whittier is that one which also includes Lucy Larcom in the situation it describes. "A caller, one of 'the innumerable throng that moves to the doors of the distinguished, there to indulge the weak curiosity of an ignorance too pitiable to be angry with, ma himself troublesome one day in the poet's home at Amesbury. 'I have come, sir!' he said pompously, to take you by the hand. I have long wished to know the author of "Hannah Binding Shoes." ' Now, Lucy Larcom happened to be sitting, in her serene fashion, silently by the window at that time; and Mr. Whittier turned toward her with the courtly bow into which the Quaker poet's simple manner could bend so regally when he chose. 'I am happy,' replied Mr. Whittier, waving his hand toward the lady in the window, 'to have the opportunity to present thee to the author of that admirable poem Lucy Larcom."

Mrs. Pheips and Mr. Howells provoke the same reflection. When it is possible to write such pleasant chapters of personal talk, to set forth such engaging confidences, why write so much fiction?

THE SONG OF JEANNE DE FRANCE.

By Nora Hopper. How slow, how slow the minutes pass,
What time I gaze across the leas,
And watch the dew dry off the grass,
Heigho, Denise!

Spring walks abroad in green and gold, And flushes all the almond-trees, But still my heart is dark, and cold As death, Denise!

My father rules a kingdom fair,
My mother smiles in silken case;
I go 'n velvet and in vair
All day, Denise!

In velvet and in vair I go.

But children never clasp my knees,
And no kind lips my pale lips know.

Heigho, Denise! Some day, some day I'll surely hear My name cried down the listening breeze, And hear a voice more lief and dear Than yours, Denise!

And, hearing, I shall rise and go Out from my prison, if God please; Like cottage-girls, more glad, more low Than I, Denise:

Oh, surely I shall quit my throne
To meet my lover on the leas,
And if the name whereby he's known
Be Death—why, you may then make moan,
Not I, Denise.

IIDNIGHT INVOCATION TO THE WIND. By F. B. Money-Coutts.

Come forth from thine Acolian cave!
Make plain the approaches of the day!
Then earthward let thy pinions wave,
To winnow human dross away!

Come forth, O Wind! O'er dale and down,

Come forth! To make the hazes flee From leaguered souls; to sound thy horn In laggard hearts; to set us free From petty love and petty scorn!

THE VEIL OF ISIS.

By Victor Plarr. To lift her veil, whose broideries
Are horned moons and lotuses.
None dare, though priest and thurifer
Charm her with frankincense and myrth,
And long-drawn mystic harmonies.
Of all mankind's divinities,
None secreter than this of his!
Behold, 'tis but to anger her
To lift her veil.

Nathcless, in each man's time there is A liftinglof her veil: each dies. To die, when all the hate and str Are o'er, to be a slumberer, To dream, perchance—oh, is not this To lift her veil?

TRUST.

By Lizette Woodworth Reesc. I am Thy grass, O Lord!
I grow up sweet and tall
But for a day; beneath Thy sword
To lle at evenfall.

Yet have I not enough In that brief day of mine? The wind, the bees, the wholesome stuff The sun pours out like wine.

Behold, this is my crown; Love will not let me be; Love holds me here; love cuts me down; 'And it is well with me.

Love, love, keep it but so; Thy purpose is full plain: I die, that after I may grow As tall, as sweet again.

By William Theodore Peters. "I've lost a little heart, sir,
I think I have;
I've lost a little heart,
Just near you."
"Why, I've found and taken it.
May I keep it?
Here's another heart, ma'am,
Won't that do?"

KINSHIP.

I. There is no flower of wood or lea,
No April flower, as fair as she:
O white anemone, who hast
The wind's wild grace;
Know her a cousin of thy race,
Into whose face
A presence like the wind's hath passed.

By Madison Cawein.

There is no flower of wood or lea, No Maytime flower, as fair as she: O bluebell, tender with the blue Of limpid skies. Thy lineage hath kindred ties In her, whose eyes The heav'ns' own qualities imbue. III.

There is no flower of wood or lea, No Juneday flower, as fair as she: Rose,—odorous with beauty of Life's first and best,— Behold thy sister here confessed! Whose maiden breast Is fragrant with the dreams of love.

COACHING. By Arthur Grissom. The musical trumpet's blast,—
The sound of laughter gay,—
Then word to start is passed,
And the tally-ho rolls away.

Out of the city's street, Far from the noisy throng, Into the country sweet. It rumbles gayly along.

Over the cool green hills, And down through the wooded dales, Fragrant with daffodlis, And vocal with calling qualls,

Happy each youthful face, Merry the mirthful wits, And, lo! in the footman's place, Trumpeter Cupid sits!

ON THE PRAIRIE. By Herbert Bates. Bare, low, tawny hills, With bluer heights beyond, And the air is sweet with spring. But when will the earth respond?

Prairie that rolls for leagues, Dusky and golden-pale, Like a stirless sea of waves, Unbroken by ship or sail.

The hollows are dark with brush, And black with the wash of showers, And raged with bleaching wreck Of the ranks of the tall sunflowers,

No cloud in the blue, no stir Save the shrill of the wind in the grass, And the meadow-lark's note, and the call Of the wind-borne crows that pass. Bare, low, tawny hills, With bluer heights beyond, And the air is sweet with spring. But when will the earth respond?

LITERARY NOTES

Herr Max Nordau, that diverting pro-Herr Max Nordau, that diverting prophet, and just made an admission which is cheerfully passed on to all those who feel inclined to administer retallatory whacks upon his offending head. "I admit," he observed to an interviewer the other day, "that I find it exceedingly difficult to concentrate my mind." What a golden opportunity lies here for the victims aforesaid! Hath not the high priest of degeneracy proclaimed that one of its most obvious "stigmata" is an inability to concentrate the mind? But it need not be expected that Herr Nordau will submit to any bland explanation of his own degeneration. He is as rampant as ever, and a new book of his is impending which will make society squirm in its place. Having tucked all the liberary men safely away into asylums or oblivion. erary men safely away into asylums or obi the philanthropic doctor is turning his attent the philanthropic doctor is turning his attention to the financiers. They are all outrageous, of course, in his far-seeing eyes. He has written a book called "The Battle of the Drones." The world of finance has become a curse to modern life, it pears, and the "drones" who make it are to

This is beautiful, but why "drones"? Herr Nordau has made his observations chiefly on the Bourse of Paris, but there is not so very much dif-Bourse of Paris, but there is not so very much dis-ference between that seat of enterprise and our own Stock Exchange, and who ever heard of the denizens of Wall Street being called drones? The thing is absurd, but probably Herr Nordau will make out a case. He has a way with him when i comes to knotty problems. He will solve anything and no more hesitates to rush in where angels fear and no more nesitates to ruen in where angels tear to tread than—one of his favorite "degenerates." He is prepared to be copious, too, as copious as ever. Work does not frighten him. He expresses a great contempt for "overwork," that bugbear of the modern man. It all depends upon how you equalize your strains, says the doctor, senten

Joseph Jacobs first came into notice as an editor of books of fairy tales, one who cared more for the folk-lore at the bottom of them than for anything else; himself of Semitic origin, he has written learnedly about the Jewish race, and he has lately followed up all this with some essays on Matthew Arnold, George Eliot and other writers which show him to be a critic of consider



imaginative powers. He is an example of what hard working can do. When he was first heard of it was in a very modest way, but little by little the fruits of his scholarship have been recognised. so that now he is counted one of the most useful of English literary delvers and interpreters. It should be added that some of the critics have fallen foul of him for his recent edition of Arabian Nights." In that his scholarship went wrong here and there, and he has had to pay the penalty. But in the main his mistakes have been

Mr. George Meredith has been unburdening him self, lyrically, in honor of Trafalgar Day. It cannot he said that the result is calculated to touch men's hearts with the emotion that should belong to occasion, especially in a poetical celebration of a Here is one of the divisions:

He leads; we hear our Seaman's call in the roll of battles won; For he is Britain's Admiral Till setting of her sun.

When Britain's life was in her ships, He kept the sea as his own right; And saved us from more fell eclipse Than drops on day from blackest night,

Again his battle spat the flame! Again his victory flag men saw! At sound of Neison's chieftain name, A deeper breath did Freedom draw.

This may be thrilling, but we do not feel the thrill. Why will Mr. Mcredith write verse, anyway? There be those who say that his "Modern Love" is a masterpiece, there be others who years over "Jump-to-Glory Jane," but we have never been able to discern the causes of their enthu

An amusing chapter of literary history might be written on the difficulties of novelists over the titles of their books. No one is sure if he prints & story in America under a title that seems to him absolutely original that some one won't turn out to have used it already in England. We recall that Mr. Howells not long ago had to publish a book in England under a different title which he kept for America, and now Miss Margaret Sherwood, who was said to be tringing out a novel called "An Experiment in Egoism," is announced to have rechristened it, before publication, "A Puritan Bohemia." Lucas Malet had to go through the same operation, the other day, and her new novel "Carissima," comes out under that designation only after having suffered the most puzzling transformations. There ought to be a place of registry somewhere to assist authors in finding out before they publish whether their titles have been anticipated or not. At the same time, we repeat, there ought to be a chapter written with accounts of the occasions upon which these changes have involved serious complications or comical developments.

"Bradley: His Book" once more bobs up serenely. Its shape has been changed, and so far as its text goes, there has been a change also. There is none of Mr. Bradley's unutterable romancing in this number; but nevertheless it is odd. No one, apparently, can write for a poster periodical nowa-days without becoming in some way ridiculous George W. Cable contributes the opening paper to this issue of "Bradley: His Book." Mr. Cable has committed some sins of mediocrity before, but rarely has he been so platitudinous as in this exordium 'In a man of any real mind, two things there are for which only unfamiliarity ever breeds contempt; two things that are never rightly loved in vain, and only bondage to which can beget satiety; good books, green woods." Wonderful! wonderful! Now we know that two and two make four.

Mr. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa" will soon be published by the Century Company. Readers who have supposed that this work would contain only the papers already published in the magazine will be glad to know that eight new chapters have been added. We assume that they will be glad, for Mr. Bryce's account of the Transvaal is one of the best published during these last few months, so full of South African information and misinformation. In "Harper's," by the way. Poultney Eigelow is beginning a good series of papers on this important subject.

There is to be a new edition of Macaulay's works with Sir George Trevelyan's biography included in the set of ten volumes. The editor is not announced, as yet, but presumably Sir George Trevelyan himself will take charge of the work There will be no illustrations.

It was not long before his death that William Morris said to a friend, "I have enjoyed my life-few men more so." When he was talked to con-cerning the peril of such a life of intellectual ten-sion as his he laughed at the talker. "Look at Gladstone," he would ray; "look at those wise owla, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills mea,

His concentration was marvellous. "The Lovers of Gudrun," which many of his readers delight in his most beautiful poem, was practically produce at a sitting. He worked at it from 4 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and when he rea-from the table he had written 750 lines.

Mr. Crawford's "Taquisara" has just appeared in Mr. Crawford's "raquisara" has just and it two inviting volumes. The story starts well, and it has this much, at least, to engage the reader's sympathies on the first page—it is an Italian tale, and thus carries one back to the scenes in which Mr. Crawford has won his greenest laurels.